

Robert Boyle's Manuscript

OPHIONΔΙΑ

SIVE

PANDIONIVM

MELOS, IN PERPETVAM

SERENISSIMÆ SIMVL AC

beatissimæ Principis Annæ nupet

Anglicæ Reginae Memoriam.

ELEGIES, AND EPITAPHS,

BY W.S. LATE SERVANT

and Chaplain to her

Majesty.



LONDON,

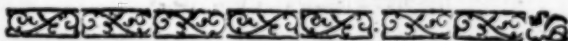
Printed by John Beale. 1619.

**Illustrissimo, Eximiaque spei,
CAROLO Principi.**

*Next great'st, though not chiefe Mourner, for her sexe,
It cannot be, but that your Grace should be;
Me though the meanest, so much her losse affects,
That I thus plaine in mournfull Elegie,
T'whom rather now than your selfe should I flie?
Dayne then for her sake, that the like long since
Daynde, so protect me and my lines, faire Prince.*



¶ To the thrice
high and puissant Prince,
King IAMES.



*W*ith curious eye, view not these Pourtraitures;
I haue (deare Liege) your losse, limn'd, shadowed thus.
*L*et but my lone, which me of grace assures
*L*eane thus farre forth obtaine, that Zoilus
*I*n person of Apelles iudge not this:
AM I a Zeuxis, true colours not to misse?

*S*ome polisht style, some fine and searching wits,
*L*iu'ing in Athens subtile temperate ayre,
*A*ffoord diuiner pocies, heauenlier fits,
*T*rue, Royall Lord. Rude rythmes with vs are rare:
*T*our Highnesse though t'accept what Mantua offers,
*AR*mour of prooffe t'will be gainst enuious scoffers.

לזכרון לעולם אבא
המלכה אעליא מכבדת. מאר

אבא אבא אתורת את אל אלהים
זכורות אל ממעל ארמנות
זכרת מקום לא טוב חזח מקור מלאים
אבירת את אביך אב אל אחבור

אתבוריך ודידיך כשמים
זאצה-זא מלכת שבת ערך עמינה
זכר מחרוץ מקום מקור חיים
אשר בחרת בם בלתי ערך בנר

אמנא אנחנו אבא אתך חיות
זאבא איתן אל זאה לאביונים
זחית אל זכון פו אל חסץ חיות
אב-בן דות עליונים על עליונים

ELEGIA.

Αἶψ' αἶ τὸν βασιλεῦσιν, ἔχ' μαχρὴν ἡμεῖς ἀντιῶν,
Ναυὶ δ' ἄρατος Οὐρανὸν ἀνιέρχεται δάμνα τήνδε,
Ναὶ σιάντα θεῶν, ἀγίαις τε ἀγίαις τε πύλαις
Αἰθ' ἡμεῖς χεῖρας, ὡς ῥέπει αἶς τήνδε Οὐρανὸν Ἄνα.

Ἄνα Ἀγίαν βασιλεῦσιν, Βρυτάνων φαρὸν ἀντιῶν,
Ναὶ δάκα παῖδες ἐνδοξαῖα, φαιδύονται Νύμφας,
Νύμφας τε φίλιν, Μάισιν γε χερσίν τε θεῶν,
Ἀγλία σι κλαίει κλαίεισιν Ἀσπίδι Ἀνδρῶν.

Ἀπὸν ἑνδοξαῖα σὺ ἔμελλ' ἀνιέρχεται Ἀσπίδι
Νύμφας κλαίει παρ' Ἀσπίδι σι Νύμφας,
Νύμφας δ' ἔν' αἶς μαχρῶν, αἶς τε δάμνα,
Αἶψ' αἶ τὸν αἶ δὴ δόξαμα ἐπ' αἶ αἶ.

Tbrenodia

ELEGIA.

*A nna sororq;, parens, coniux & filia, Regum,
N on locus in titulis cassus honoret tuis;
N a nimiùm felix ! te Mors, te vita beatam,
A nna dedit ! summum Diua obeundo Diem.*

*A nna soror Dacùm seu Gnata pijsima Regum,
N ympha Angli & Caroli Principis alma parens;
N on (credo) in terris diuiniùs altera Nympha,
A nna ferat titulis Que potiora tuis !*

*A nna equidem annosi Thalami pulcherrima proles,
N ec Dulcis Coniux soluere iusta Queant;
N on tua pro meritis serui; tua iugiter ergò,
A nna anima, aeternum molliter ossa cubent.*

Britannica.

ELEGIA.

*A friend to all, good Queene, a foe to none,
N one therefore that lament not her losse now;
N ow shee in Heauen with Christ her Spouse all-one,
A lone on earth leaues her King Iames below;*

*A low on earth, whiles shee aloft doth raigne,
N euer so glorious, neuer so diuine,
N euer so gracious, great, or Soueraigne,
A s now shee doth in starry Olymp shine:*

*A s now shee doth among the heauenly Quire,
N ow new attir'd in robes of highest State,
N ew adorn'd for her Spouse, blest, and rais'd higher,
A bone all Queenes on Earth, beyond all date.*

B. 3. NENIA.

Threnodia

NENIA.

A Crowne of Bayes and Rosie wreathes, *Queene Anne*
*N*oble and vertuous by Discent, *Doth claime;*
*N*e're dying vertue, and desert *Hath wanne*
*E*ndles name, whence shines her *Immortal fame.*

ELEGIA.

A Glorious and *Illustrious gate,*
*N*e're fading grace *Adorn'd this Nymph,*
*N*ot to expire; for *Ay! but Late*
*E*ndlesse time *Leaves her for Olymphe.*

A vertuous Queene of *Albion, of*
*N*oblest race *both for Sire and Sonne,*
*N*ow claimes in heauens *high Kings aloft*
*E*ternall shrine *a princely throne.*

*A*ngels do sing, Saints *Heauenly Quires*
*N*ot repine, *but sweet Sonnets skanne:*
*N*ow shee's in heauen *as heart desires,*
*E*nthron'd Diuine *Albions Queene Anne.*

EPITAPHIVM.

Al al vni sacrosanctae athenae populi Anna;
 Quispe Annae Doli, i quidam Anna raga.
 Tota Dura, Kipus tota, Tota raga.
 Quispe, eis Kipus, et Doli tota Quispe.

EPITA.

Britannica.

EPITAPHIVM.

*Here lies Entoumbde faire. Englands Queene,
Whose peere, Earth now doth here avow, t' have bin scarce seene.*

Acrostique verses on the same.

<i>Here</i>	<i>Lies entoumb'd faire Englands Queene,</i>	<i>whose peere</i>
<i>Lies</i>	<i>Here perhaps, but lines not on</i>	<i>Earth now,</i>
<i>Entoumb'd</i>	<i>Her least parts lie! her Dust</i>	<i>Doth here,</i>
<i>Faire</i>	<i>above all faires Angels don</i>	<i>A vow,</i>
<i>Englands</i>	<i>Deere Paragons faire brest</i>	<i>t' have beene,</i>
<i>Queene</i>	<i>like all points, a worthier wight</i>	<i>Scarce seene.</i>

EPITAPHIVM.

*Queene Anne lies here enshrin'd from mortall sight,
Whose Grace is seene in place, good Queene, of light most bright.*

Acrosticke verses on the same.

<i>Queene Anne,</i>	<i>a goodly glorious Nymph,</i>	<i>whose grace,</i>
<i>Lies here</i>	<i>Entoumb'd, nathlesse her soule</i>	<i>is seene</i>
<i>Enshrin'd</i>	<i>In Olimph towers most high</i>	<i>in place,</i>
<i>From</i>	<i>whom no good is now withheld.</i>	<i>Good Queene,</i>
<i>Mortall</i>	<i>Eyes cannot beare those gleames</i>	<i>of Light,</i>
<i>Sight</i>	<i>Dazels at, where shee's, those beames</i>	<i>most bright.</i>

I brenodia

To the Eternall memory of Queene Anne;

Acrostique verses thereon.

To Our Thrice Honored Ere-fam'de Englands-queene,
That Een-now Raign'de in Noble Albions Land,
My musc Ere in Memory Of her Right feine,
Yeeldes, Offers Faith, teares, Quill, heart, Vowes, and hand,
Earthes Ebon bowers Now guidet' Elisian greenes,
Albions late, Now though No more Englands queene.

Other Acrosticke verses on the same.

To	blaze in right Phœbean verse,
Our	Noble Lucenes praise worthy parts,
Thrice	learned Sisters be her herse
Honored	by your diuiner Arts,
Ere-fam'de	may her Faire Glory shine,
Englands Queene	Once Great, now diuine.

That	Glorious, gracious Nymph that sate,
E'en-now	by siluer Thames, and there
Raign'de in	A Princely portly State,
Noble	Of parts, withouten Peere,
Albions	Nymphs mourne, and with her owne
Land	Neighbour Princes ioyne in moane.

My

Britannica

My muse
E're in
Memori-
Of her
Right feine
T'celdes

Indeed too rude t' appeare,
All Gazers open view;
zing yet some few thoughts here,
decre Mistris; would renew
t' her same sweete Maro's Layes,
them all honor, her all praise.

O ffers
Faith, teares
Quill, heart,
V'owes and hand-
E arthes
E bon bowers,

Not euery one (same Comfort)
and sighes her silly traine,
and all, (sweete Phœbus Consort,
fuls of flowers, Nymphes, Swaynes!
bosome, though it now provides her,
pitchie Night, not hides her.

N ow guide t'
E lisian Greenes
A lbions late
N ow though,
N o more
E nglands Queene,

Olymp, great Hermes, pr
this Dame, we pray;
virtuous Par amour,
Lapt up in Lead and Clay;
we need no moane, for blest
Anne doth enoe Rest.

Epitaphium.

Tbrenodia

EPITAPHIUM.

Here lies entomb'd faire Englands Queene,
Whose vertues all the world admir'de,
Her presence like an Angells seene,
Which men lou'd, Glorious Saints desir'de:
Whose best parts hence to Heauen Resum'de,
Her bodies dust here lies Entomb'de.

Acrosticke verses on the same.

Here	In this Caske of Marble Stone
Lyes	Albions Prince'sse, Denmarks Impe;
Entomb'de	For whom great Kings make moane,
Faire	Dames and many a Courtly Nymph,
Englands	Fair'st flowers droope to behold,
Queene	Anne their Mistris, laid in mould.

Whose	Inward beauties of the Soule,
Vertues	And Graces that did shine,
All	Glorious, like those lampes that rowle
The	Zodiacke round, made her diuine
Worlde	'T wonder well we might her call,
Admir'de,	Lou'de, honored, Deare to all.

Her

Britannica.

<i>Her</i>	<i>State might Iono's mate or Flora's,</i>
<i>Presence</i>	<i>Like Cynthia's, modest milde,</i>
<i>Like</i>	<i>Hebe's youth or faire Aurora's,</i>
<i>An</i>	<i>Orient Rise, since Danes-Royes childe,</i>
<i>Angells</i>	<i>Beene now, the Graces were</i>
<i>Seene</i>	<i>Her traine and Companions Deere.</i>

<i>Which</i>	<i>Is the Glory of thy Sexe,</i>
<i>Men</i>	<i>Praise, the husbands vertuous Crowne,</i>
<i>Lou'de</i>	<i>For that which thy person deckes,</i>
<i>Glorious</i>	<i>Grac't, Great, and good renowne,</i>
<i>Saints</i>	<i>Both in Heauen and those on earth,</i>
<i>Desir'de</i>	<i>Thy being, these thy New-birth.</i>

<i>whose</i>	<i>House of Clay laid low in Ground,</i>
<i>Best parts</i>	<i>more fit for Azure skie,</i>
<i>Hence</i>	<i>Rapt to Olymph, and there Crown'de,</i>
<i>To</i>	<i>Reigne in blisse-full sort on hie,</i>
<i>Heauen</i>	<i>And the Heauen of heauens aboue,</i>
<i>Resum'de</i>	<i>Her soule first sent from Ioue.</i>

<i>Her</i>	<i>Children Olive plants, her late</i>
<i>Bodies</i>	<i>Faire forme flowers fading beene,</i>
<i>Dust</i>	<i>Vnto Dust returns, the state</i>
<i>Here</i>	<i>Of fraile mortall Nature's scene!</i>
<i>Lies,</i>	<i>Now her Corpses by faire Thames side,</i>
<i>Entomb'de;</i>	<i>Shee a Caelestiall Bride.</i>

Tibrenodia

Encomium } *Anne R.* Elegiacum }

*Rege Creatâ, soror, Coniux, Regumq; futura
Alma parens! pulchrâ prole beatâ tuâ:
Scilicet in terris micuisti Nobile Syâus,
Virtutis! Thalamis Glôria casta tuis.
Iacobi quondam præclara Marita Marito,
Iuno Iorû, sponso Dulcis amica tuo.*

*Sponsa equidem Christi, te iam Caput aurea Olympi
Æthra, tuo Christo plurimum amata places.*

*Vine Deo, Satiata bonis, Satiata benigno
Aspectu, summi Candida Nympha Dei!*

*Teg, tuumq; quasi Numen venerabor in ævum,
Regina Annatui Glôria Magna soli.*

*Æternum audeas, precor, Æternumq; sedebis,
Coniucis inter Ciuis & ipsa Poli.*

Britannica.

I

am

not

well

willing

to tell

how vnmeet

my Muse to raise

In song so sweete

Trophees to her prayse,

who late as Englands Queene

Most Goddasse-like did leade

A life on earth as heau'n should deeme

For gracious Merit Glorious meede.

Her sire, her Son, her grandsire, brother spouse,

Children and Nephews, Kings and Princes all.

The various wheele of time, the spacious world shews

No of-spring more diuine, none more Maiesticall,

Though more then this of happines scarce mortall heare can scan,

Yet more then this of blessednesse, now Crownes our good *Q. Anne.*

Primo

Threnodia

*Queen Anne whose state & glories late my humble Muse did sing,
Wife, Sister, Daughter, and when fate please, Mother to a King.*

*Ah none of these great Names that can reprieue her now,
Her vertue, beautie, fame, that can her with vs keepe.*

*The SAINTS aboue may ioy, wee here below,
Mourn that death rocks her in earths armes asleepe.*

Yet ioy wee since slee now in Ioy,

In highest heauens Pallace shines,

And freed from all annoyes,

Frequenteth Olymps shrines:

Whereas Saints doe sing,

And Angels Quires,

What the soules faire spring

GOD Inspires.

whose great

Deities

humble

Beads-

man

am

I:

Britannica.

I
am
not
though
ABLE
to shew
how divine
her Royall Graces,
In heaven doth shine.
Where a Cherubs place,
Or a Seraphique height
Exceeds the thoughts of Men,
As far as heavenly towers fraile sights.
And my weake eyes vnmet may ken,
Those starrie battlements of IOVE,
Where she with thousand thousand Saints doth sing
Sweet Anthems, sacred songs, fitting those quiets above,
In most melodious sort, to heavens supernall King,
Where then in happiest heavenly state, my poore heart scarce can stand,
O may I live, when rapt by Fate, where Glories crowne Queene Anne.

Great

T h r e n o d i a

Great Gades Pillars Ne plus ultra, bore;

Defining both Eutopes, and Affrica shores,

A braue and honourable Trophy

Of great Alcides fame,

As if the son of Ioue, be

Alonely past the same.

Now good Queen sole

thou seem'st likewise

of vertues Goale

to beare the prize.

Sacred Muses

Therefore shall

For Venuſſes

Golden BALL

bring like flowers

to Adorne

sweet thy bowers

as ſomers morne

freſh Garlands

Damaſke Roſes,

dantie ſiue and

Fragrant poſies,

ſhall not wiſher

on thy Tombs

that thy euer-

laſting home;

And thoſe great queens

whoſe haire is on

Parnaſſus Greennes

and Helicons,

Can when they pleaſe, erect

To thy Eternall Fame

A Tower, of ſuch reſpect

As enuy ſhall not ſhake the ſame.

And we thy humble Beadſmen gracious Queene,

Shall Glory in't to haue thy Glories ſcene.

Britannica.

And sure I am, bright shall thy glorie Shine
Beyond those Pillars, that both Shores define:

For not the memorable Storie

Of great ALCIDES fame,
that doth exceede thy glorie,
and due desert, deare Dame.

Though ugly monsters

Snake and Elfe,

yet hee conquers

not Himselfe:

Thou againe

under feete

trod'st the vaine

World wee see't,

Hellish pow'rs of

sinne put downe:

Olymphe tow'rs as-

foord thy Crowne,

Radiant more then

Ophyr's Gold,

which before men

Saints behold.

Gracious then

& glorious Queens,

since in Heauen

thy best parts been,

alas what more

to that great height

can wee thy poore

Servants endite?

Though men & Muses skill

Should strive to raise thee higher,

Thou needs't not care for Homers quill:

Whom God crownes, we his bests admire.

What can bee said then, that's not said before,

But Ne plus Ultra for to please thee more?

Threnodia

*Iuno, Venus, vitrei Moderatrix Cynthia Regni,
Hanc Decorasse Deam, Donatuisse ferunt;
Sceptra Iouis Coniux, vitam dedit aurea Castam
Phœbe, incrant oculis Gratia amorque suis!
Docta Minerva etiam Doctis sat pectore dignas
Ingenuo! in terris heu mihi Qualis erat,
Quanta Dea? Harpalice pharetrata vel alma Dione,
Dina tibi, titulis Cedat & ipsa tuis,
Zenobia! Elifios properantem visere Campos,
Et fortunatæ arua beata iugis,
Quidni hilari excipens cultu Plutonia Coniux,
Illius Insolitum regna Docebit iter?
Teque Sybilla tuam sobolem longo ordine Reges
Monstret, Troiano fecit ut ante Duci.
Scilicet in Terris Quamlibet amplas,
Leticias, Latum hinc Eia age Carpe Diem!
Siquando pulcha es, Venires Charitesque Labellis,
Iam spiras, vere Regia sceptra tenes!
Dulcis Amor Divinus erit tibi sponsus, Amator,
Omnia, Cui Caelum patria sancta, Deus.*

Threnodia

*The Soule a Point,
 Christ the North Starre,
 His Word the Compasse is,
 The world the Sea,
 And Heauen the Hauens,
 where we seekē endlesse blisse:
 Our bodies Ship
 On waues of woe,
 Thought tost by Wind and Tide;
 True Godly teares
 And Sighes sweet Gale,
 Thither bring vs God our Guide.*

**Nempe humilicet ANNA solo redis aurea Cælo,
 Est Lucrum Christi Mors tibi, vita Mori.**

Epiphonema.

W hat if a day, or a moneth, or a yeere doe hap highly to crowne v S.
I s this a life to be lou'd? who so feareles be dreads not a downfal L?
L ife's but a Liuing death: death's thought more wgly than Hydr A.
L ongest dayes haue an end: happy he whose Sun hath a faire set T.
I f Salomon were aliuē, if Sampson, if Absolon, all d T.
A ge, wit nor strength, Crownes nor beauty do serue for a safeti E.
M ust none then die neuer: Christ saue me in mercie for eue R.



TO THE MOST NO-
BLE AND ILLVSTRIOVS
PRINCE CHARLES.

*W*ith Zealous loue, and truly loyall zeale,
I tender thus my duty to your Grace,
*L*ong liue your Grace to blesse this Common-weale:
*L*et vertue guide you to a glorious place,
*I*n heauen above, where Saints and Angels sing,
A Most melodious note to high heauens King.

*S*weet flowing streames of sugred Eloquence,
*L*earnings admired labours, all the Muses
*A*t tend vpon your Gracious Excellence,
*T*hat so the Lyons, Rose, Harps and Flour-de Luces
*I*n blessed union met, grac't all by thee,
*E*Rect a more than foure-fold Monarchie.

FINIS.